

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

APRIL 2, 1840.

No. CCXI.—NEW SERIES, No. CXVIII.

{ PRICE 3d.
{ STAMPED, 4d.

IN our last number we promised Mr. Rophino Lacy full liberty of speech touching our leading article of March 19, and therefore proceed, without further preface, to quote his defence in his own words.—Mr. Lacy will observe that his letter has been pruned of its initiatory sentence, which does not bear directly on the matter in hand :—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The article in your last “Musical World,” referring to me, is not altogether correct. Deeming conciseness best, I will not write to the extent that I could upon the matter, but keep to dry facts. I *did* give permission, even as you state, to the Society of Amateurs, to perform my version of *Cinderella*; the permission was given without any tax of remuneration. It was accompanied with the express intimation that I could not on any consideration repeat that permission this season for reasons which I was not bound to explain. It was represented to me that the performance took place only once a year, and was strictly private, no money being taken. What say you, Mr. Editor, to this “no fact,” when tickets were openly sold at Mr. Purday’s music-shop, in Oxendon-street, at five shillings for the boxes, and half-a-crown for the pit? Some friends of mine bought them. In a few days after this semi-private performance it was intimated to me from the Society that it was their intention to repeat it, and on my recalling to them the *inability* I had so expressly mentioned of a second permission, I was very gratefully and civilly told they had another version and could do without mine. Of course my answer may easily be guessed. It is truly absurd to plead shortness of notice. Not only did they know this as early as the 3rd of February when their cavalier messenger came—their next performance not being till the 5th of March—but they published a bill, which I have, announcing a “new adaptation” of the work, by “a Member of this Society.” I don’t see, after this, the fairness of taxing me, as you have done, with “having, by delay, trapped the committee into a dilemma.” I think this misrepresentation of facts on their side, because they could not wrench my property from me, “to increase their funds for further operations,” as you

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have it, is anything but creditable to the Society, and their exertions against me to excite a false sympathy in their favour still more disgraceful, as they have been amazingly industrious to raise a clamour against me, proving themselves by no means *amateurs* of harmony, but, as poor Keisewetter used to say, merely of its *echo* (mon-ey).

To the gentleman who has written the article in the "Musical World" I beg to express myself obliged; his language is temperate, his manner gentlemanly, devoid of that rancour and vulgarity which have lately stained other publications. People are, unfortunately, too much at the mercy of ruffians with pens in their hands, and the only safeguard of society now lies in the honourable feeling of an editor. I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

March 26, 1840.

ROPHINO LACY.

On the principle—and we trust such principle will ever guide our conduct as public journalists—that through whatever channel a man be publicly attacked, the same channel should always be open to him for equally public defence, we have printed Mr. Lacy's letter. Notwithstanding an obvious inclination to complain of counter-grievances, or, as the lawyers say, to bring a cross-action, we cannot discover that Mr. Lacy has explained away the more important grounds of accusation which we thought it necessary to bring against him. In the outset, he takes an exception to our statement that the performance was "strictly private," and tells us that tickets were openly sold at Mr. Purday's music-shop. Now, if Mr. Lacy's rule of disputation permit the use of a process which we are much inclined to denominate *quibbling*, he cannot be greatly astonished if we answer him in kind. For all Mr. Purday's ticket-selling, the performance was, to all *legal* intents and purposes, strictly private;—the circumstance which technically constitutes a *public* performance, being, we believe, the taking of *money* at the theatre doors. We have inquired, also, concerning the sale of tickets, and find that if Mr. Lacy be not mis-informed, Mr. Purday must have greatly exceeded the limits of his authority—the rule in this respect laid down by the committee, being that no person should dispose of admissions but to his friends, or parties introduced to him for the purpose. Furthermore, although Mr. Lacy construes the perseverance of the committee into an attempt to "wrench his property from him," he fails to prove that under such circumstances, the *law* afforded him the smallest means for its protection. Our previous remarks, coupled with the *prima facie* evidence contained in the fact that the opera was once played with the sanction of Mr. Webster and *without* any authority from the chamberlain, establishes the private nature of the performance; and Mr. Lacy must be aware that, so situated, he could not have claimed the interference of any judiciary court in the business. We were not mistaken in our proposition that Mr. Lacy's threats prevailed over fear rather than judgment, since—as we afterwards learned—Mr. Webster declared to the committee that, "*right or wrong*, he would not embroil himself in legal disputes on the subject." However much we doubt its policy, we cannot for a moment oppose Mr. Lacy's claim to the concealment of his motives for refusal if he thought fit; still he had no reason for astonishment, under such circumstances, when informed that the amateurs would resort to another adaptation of the *Cenerentola*; neither can we conceive any "answer" on his part, of sufficient potency to deter them from such a course. He admits

that he merely pleaded "inability;" and the committee, probably reflecting that *ability*, in such cases, is usually measured by *will*, is scarcely taxable with ingratitude or incivility, in rejecting a plea thus studiously placed above its comprehension, and embracing an alternative to which it had an unquestionable right.

However, this discussion of what Mr. Lacy terms "dry facts" does not even approach the marrow of the question. Abstractedly, neither ourselves nor our readers care one fig's end whether or not, on a certain night, *Cinderella* was played by a company of amateurs, or whether permission for such a performance was granted or refused. The involved principle, which has induced us thus to devote so much space in the most important part of our paper, lies at a considerable depth under such "dry" superficialities. We have not bestirred ourselves to the rescue of a parcel of people of whom, personally, we know literally nothing; but have endeavoured to advocate the cause of musical art, for which we are interested much. To us, the *persons* who strutted their hour upon the Haymarket stage, were wholly indifferent; but we saw in the spirit which urged the formation of that little Society, the impulsive germ of an institution which might hereafter work a wholesale reformation in the system which now forces upon public endurance that most impotent and degraded of all dramatic performances—an English opera. It is notorious that radical changes in the workings of an art, are next to impracticable where professors are *solely* concerned—as an instance we may adduce the Sacred Harmonic Society, to which was reserved the credit of substituting *whole* oratorios for mangled selections; and if a society of amateurs have advanced one branch of musical performance to a point of excellence which, in this country, it had never previously attained, there appears no conclusive reason why another should not derive equal benefit from similar means. It is wholly and solely a question of art, and should therefore never be made one of pounds, shillings, and pence. Such beginnings, small though they be, are still *beginnings*, and to the true musician's mind should appear rather as the leaders of an universal feeling by which his art, and therefore himself, will reap direct advantage, than as invasions of his professorial rights and privileges worthy of cavil, still less of resistance. On this principle, we complain of Mr. Lacy's querulous anxiety about his "property," as induced by the attempts of an infant society which, as an artist, he should have felt it his pride and duty to assist and cherish.

We warned this gentleman in our previous article, that, in the absence of his own reasons for his conduct, which he certainly "was not bound to explain," the public would probably manufacture reasons for him; and our supposition has been verified. Rumours have reached us attributing to him motives so unworthy our estimate of his correct feeling, that, out of delicacy to other parties implicated, we abstain from repeating them.

GRAND MUSICAL SOIREE.

(From Willis's New Work of "Loiterings of Travels.")

I was at one of those private concerts given at an enormous expense during the opera season, at which "assisted" Julia Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanhoff. Grisi came in the carriage of a foreign lady of rank, who had dined with her, and she walked into the room looking like an empress. She was dressed in the plainest white, with her glossy hair put smooth from her brow, and a single white japonica dropped over one of her temples. The lady who brought her chaperoned her during the evening, as if she had been her daughter, and under the excitement of her own table and the kindness of her friend, she sung with a rapture and a *freschet* of glory (if one may borrow a word from the Mississippi) which set all hearts on fire. She surpassed her most applauded hour on the stage—for it was worth her while. The audience was composed almost exclusively of those who were not only cultivated judges, but who sometimes repay delight with a present of diamonds. Lablache shook the house to its foundation in his turn; Rubini ran through his miraculous compass with the ease, truth, and melody, for which his singing is unsurpassed; Tamburini poured his rich and even fullness on the ear, and Russian Ivanhoff, the one southern singing bird, who has come out of the north, wire-drew his fine and spiritual notes, till they who had been flushed, and tearful, and silent, when the others had sung, drowned his voice in the poorer applause of exclamation and surprise.

The concert was over by twelve; the gold and silver paper bills of the performance were turned into fans, and every one was waiting till supper should be announced—the *prima donna* still sitting by her friend, but surrounded by foreign *attachés*, and in the highest elation at her own success. The doors of an inner suite of rooms were thrown open at last, and Grisi's *cordon* of admirers prepared to follow her in and wait on her at supper. At this moment one of the powdered menials of the house stepped up and informed her very respectfully that supper was prepared in a separate room for the singers. Medea, in her most tragic hour, never stood so absolutely the picture of hate, as did Grisi for a single instant, in the centre of that aristocratic crowd. Her chest swelled and rose, her lips closed over her snowy teeth, and compressed till the blood left them, and for myself, I looked unconsciously to see where she would strike. I knew then that there was more than fancy—there was nature and capability of the *real*—in the *imaginary* passions she plays so powerfully. A laugh of extreme amusement at the scene from the high-born woman who had accompanied her, suddenly turned her humour, and she stopped in the midst of a muttering of Italian, in which I could distinguish only the terminations, and, with a sort of theatrical quickness of transition, joined heartily in her mirth. It was immediately proposed by this lady, however, that herself and her particular circle should join the insulted *prima donna* at the lower table, and they succeeded by this manœuvre in retaining Rubini and the others, who were leaving the house in a most unequivocal Italian fury.

I had been fortunate enough to be included in the invitation, and, with one or two foreign diplomatic men, I followed Grisi and her amused friend to a small room on a lower floor, that seemed to be the housekeeper's parlour. Here supper was set for six (including the man who played the piano), and on the side-table stood every variety of wine and fruit, and there was nothing in the supper, at least, to make us regret the table we had left. With a most imperative gesture and rather an amusing attempt at English, Grisi ordered the servants out of the room, and locked the door, and from that moment the conversation commenced and continued in their own musical, passionate, and energetic Italian. My long residence in that country had made me at home in it; every one present spoke it fluently; and I had an opportunity I might never have again, of seeing with what abandonment these children of the sun throw aside rank and distinction (yet without forgetting it), and join with those who are their superiors in every circumstance of life, in the gaieties of a chance hour. Out of their own coun-

try these singers would probably acknowledge no higher rank than that of the kind and gifted lady who was their guest; yet, with the briefest apology at finding the room too cold after the heat of the concert, they put on their cloaks and hats as a safeguard to their lungs (more valuable to them than to others); and as most of the cloaks were the worse for travel, and the hats opera-hats with two corners, the grotesque contrast with the diamonds of one lady, and the radiant beauty of the other, may easily be imagined.

Singing should be hungry work, by the knife and fork they played; and between the excavations of truffle pies, and the bumpers of champagne and burgundy, the words were few. Lablache appeared to be an established droll, and every syllable he found time to utter was received with the most unbounded laughter. Rubini could not recover from the slight he conceived put upon him and his profession by the separate table; and he continually reminded Grisi, who by this time had quite recovered her good humour, that, the night before, supping at Devonshire House, the Duke of Wellington had held her gloves on one side, while his Grace, their host, attended to her on the other,—“*E vero!*” said Ivanhoff, with a look of modest admiration at the *prima donna*.—“*E vero, e bravo!*” cried Tamburini, with his sepulchral-talking tone, much deeper than his singing.—“*Sì, sì, sì, bravo!*” echoed all the company; and the haughty and happy actress nodded all round with a radiant smile, and repeated, in her silver tones, “*Grazie, cari amici, grazie!*”

As the servants had been turned out, the removal of the first course was managed in *pic-nic* fashion; and when the fruit and fresh bottles of wine were set upon the table by the *attachés* and younger gentlemen, the health of the princess who honoured them by her presence was proposed in that language, which, it seems to me, is more capable than all others of expressing affectionate and respectful devotion. All uncovered and stood up, and Grisi, with tears in her eyes, kissed the hand of her benefactress and friend, and drank her health in silence. It is a polite and common accomplishment in Italy to improvise in verse, and the lady I speak of is well known among her immediate friends for a singular facility in this beautiful art. She reflected a moment or two with the moisture in her eyes, and then commenced, low and soft, a poem, of which it would be difficult, nay, impossible, to convey, in English, an idea of its music and beauty. It took us back to Italy, to its heavenly climate, its glorious arts, its beauty, and its ruins, and concluded with a line of which I remember the sentiment to have been “*out of Italy every land is exile*.” The glasses were raised as she ceased, and every one repeated after her, “*Fuori d'Italia tutto è esilio!*” “*Ma!*” cried out the fat Lablache, holding up his glass of champagne, and looking through it with one eye, “*“sìama ben esiliati qua!”*” and, with a word of drollery, the party recovered its gayer tone, and the humour and wit flowed on brilliantly as before.

The stillness of the house in the occasional pauses of conversation reminded the gay party, at last, that it was wearing late. The door was unlocked, and the half-dozen sleepy footmen hanging about the hall were despatched for the cloaks and carriages; the drowsy porter was roused from his deep leathern *dormouse*, and opened the door—and broad upon the street lay the cold grey light of a summer's morning.

MOLIQUE.

[This eminent violinist has recently arrived amongst us, and makes his first appearance at the next concert of the Philharmonic Society. We have been favoured by a correspondent with the following translation of a notice of a concert at which he played; it may prove of some interest to our readers at the present moment.—Ed. M. W.]

We have often asked ourselves the question—is there a more ungrateful art than that of music? Since the endeavour to attain perfection has increased to

such an extent that it requires years of unremitting practice merely to master the neck-breaking tricks of the present concerto music. And what is the result of this practice of eight or ten hours daily—the constant repetition of studies, scales, and passages? The spirit diminishes as the art increases—the empty form only remains—and although this form is always brilliant, like the web of a silkworm; yet, the animation is lost! the butterfly is gone!

The fever for effects causes all the *charlatanerie* wherewith, latterly, we have been surfeited—a sort of *musique facile* like the *litterature facile* of our neighbours, and which fortunately, like that, will fall to the ground in spite of their extravagancies. Here then behold the pale *Paganinis*! their wild, rolling, sunken eye, with necks bent through suffering and passion. Here behold them, with bald head and huge whiskers, threadbare coats and slovenly dress; they salute the audience with the indifference some would salute a poor relation; but with a longing eye towards this or the other box, or the coloured heaven of paper and canvas above their heads; they pause and watch most intently the moment of inspiration—fortunately, this arrives at the end of the *tutti*. Now for the demon's grasp—how the steings sound! the bow flies up and down—at the back and before the bridge—truly he is mad!—and it is fortunate that the days of belief in sorcery have past—how the poor man shakes! everything moves with him—his shoulders as well as his fingers—his hand—his eye—his foot—how this delights, enchants, enraptures! The gentlemen applaud till their hands blister—beat off the points of their canes. The ladies feel nervous, and their handkerchiefs are moistened.

Shortly after comes a clever youth who has studied the violin perhaps not more than two or three years, and imitates this charlatan. All this is lamentable, as there is generally a great foundation for talent lost through this buffoonery. We have remarked this with Ernst, who indeed might have been a great artist instead of a clown; and is now convinced that he has done wrong in thus sacrificing his time for the momentary gratification of the applauding multitude, and which he did not possess courage to renounce for the lasting, but calm reputation of the artist.

I did not hear Paganini, and cannot therefore judge of the effects of his performance, but think I should have been disappointed, and have doubted, where I expected conviction. A German critic, as fantastical as Hoffman, asserts that there was in the violin of Ole Bull, *une âme damnée*, a soul locked up, and with his bow, like a magic wand, he forced from the poor prisoner those plaintive sounds which he produced. Nothing is impossible in these credulous times; though, since Julius Kerner, the world occupies itself more than ever with their more material interests, I should like the artist to have the courage to crush the violin and give the poor captive liberty. I assert it again, the real artist must not be a champion who, by holding up his thumb, can give life or death to the public; he must be a monarch who, while he hides what did cost him the triumph, only shows the treasure brought from the vanquished empire, and the slaves who follow his triumphal chariot: and such artists, thank heaven, there are—such an artist is Bernard Mòlique.

A not very numerous, but select audience, was in the greatest possible suspense: there he appeared: I thought verily I saw a few ladies smile: he was not pale, delicate, or thin—he had no moustachios—no misanthropy depicted on his countenance—no noble pride on his nose—nothing remarkable in the tying of his cravat—he saluted the audience not with a careless indifference, and what might have been worse did not play by heart. How could he be inspired? for he performed note by note from his book; still I have too good an opinion of their hearts and taste, though they smiled again, not to believe that their second smile was at the spirited and beautifully-executed rondo of Mòlique's third concerto, for truly it was triumph from beginning to end; his unassuming manner making such triumph more striking. The concerto was not a more charming *morcean* than the performance was masterly and brilliant. Double-stops, chromatic scales, staccatos, everything was perfect and certain. Did you not feel yourself moved by the calm melancholy of the *andante*? not elevated by the playful scherzo? Did you ever hear variations more true to the theme, or difficulties

vanquished with such ease and certainty? Did you not fancy yourself in the midst of the Alps, hearing Swiss songs, nature cheering and smiling, where the human hand dare not attempt embellishment? But why should I continue to discuss sounds too beautiful to be conceived? Imagine the thousand changes in the heavenly dawn of morning, the verdure of the leaves, the colours and scent of the flowers, the singing of the birds, and even that would be easier than to give you an idea of his playing; now like the murmur of the soft evening breeze, then bursting forth in proud triumph, like the wild torrent of the waterfall; all this would be a less task than to depict to you the unexampled excellency which characterises the playing of Molique. The audience seemed to conceive and appreciate the merits of the man, who, in his modesty, hardly appeared conscious of his hearers, who showed that there still exist those who love and venerate the true art, and shook off at once the stigma brought thereon, by the unmerited success and praises heaped on Ernst. Repeated calls (in which the orchestra heartily joined) were made for Molique at the end of the concert. We also thank him for the high intellectual treat afforded us, and hope that his example may teach our young professors that such glory is the greatest and most desirable.

Madlle. de Boer and Mr. Poldevin assisted at the concert; the former had a slight cold, but Poldevin was as excellent as ever in his horn solo. The orchestra, led by the clever Bunke, was admirable; the tenors alone were weak.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* was produced at this theatre for Mad. Persiani on last Saturday evening. Its story is serious enough in all conscience;—in the first place there is a game at amatory cross-purposes: *Philip, Duke of Milan*, tired of his consort, *Beatrice Tenda*, (from whom, by the way, he derived his dukedom) desires, at any hazard, to rid himself of his marriage tie, being more especially moved thereto by a violent passion conceived for a certain *Agnese del Maino*—which said *Agnese* is secretly attached to *Orombello*, a Signor of Ventimiglia, who, in his turn, cherishes an equally underhand liking for the *Duchess Beatrice*. Here we have materials for jealousies and plots innumerable; and accordingly, *Agnese*, discovering the affection of *Orombello* for the *Duchess*, contrives, as a means of revenge, to possess herself of some private correspondence of *Beatrice*, in which *Orombello* urges her to throw herself on her ancient friends of Facino, and subvert the authority of *Philip*. These papers being shown to the Duke, *Beatrice* and *Orombello* are watched, detected in private conference in the Castle Chapel, and imprisoned on the charge of treason. Here, in accordance with the highly-rational usage of the time and country, *Orombello* is subjected to the torture, and agony extorts from him an avowal of guilt and an implication of the *Duchess*; whereupon both are condemned to death, and the opera terminates with the unavailing remorse of *Agnese*, and the procession of *Beatrice* to the place of execution. Although there be nothing new in these incidents, the situations produced from them are effective, and the whole, at least, affords a groundwork which, with more skilful treatment, might have supported a drama of powerful interest. But to whatever extent the poet has failed in his task, to the same extent the composer has borne him company. Tragedy is, in fact, a practical antithesis to the very nature of modern Italian music. Light comedy, or, at most, melodrama, are subjects to which alone such ephemeral scribbling as that of Bellini or Donizetti can be even decently adapted. With their frivolity of manner and utter un-sentiment of character, the graver nature of the undertaking, the more obvious becomes the resulting farce. Had Bellini remained content with his achievement in the *Sonnambula*, and Donizetti confined his attempts to such butterfly creations as *L'Elisir d'Amore*, both might have passed, even with musicians, for second-rate composers of respectable pretension; but one inch beyond this very liberal boundary to their powers, and they forfeit all claim to even the minutest atom of consid-

ration—their pathos dwindles into a whine of imbecility, and their heroics are but ludicrous degradations of the vilest bombast. To our understanding of the matter, the lavish applause of fashionable audiences neither subtracts one iota from the baseness of such music, nor affords any excuse for its perpetration. The frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre are, from irreflectiveness of habit, incapable of separately estimating the merits of an opera and its performance. They hear sundry emanations from human throats which please them, and care not to inquire whether their delight result from the art of the singer, or whether the music so sung be or not, in reference to its dramatic fitness, a practical insult to the judgment of an idiot. In the broadest meaning of the term, they are sensualists:—gratify but their eyes and ears, and their understandings will never interfere either to accelerate or retard the process. At theatres of this kind, however, *music*, in our opinion, should ever be the primary object of criticism. If the term "opera" have any signification, it surely implies the complete lyrical illustration of a drama, whether tragedy, comedy, or farce, with every variety of sentiment called forth in its progress;—by the effect of his music, then, the composer attempts to embody the poet's conception, and by its *truthfulness*, therefore, should his success be definitely judged. In this, the only rational, view of the matter, the *Beatrice di Tenda* must be pronounced, *after the Lucretia Borgia and Torquato Tasso* of Donizetti, one of the weakest productions that ever wasted the time and resources of a theatrical establishment. To classify its defects would be but to repeat the often-urged complaints of inappropriateness, false construction, want of refinement, and absence of true sentiment; while to particularize their occurrences, would be to quote from every piece without exception throughout the opera, and consequently to occupy at least one-half the number of our pages with the details of a very ungrateful subject. As usual in Bellini's "tragic" operas, wherever the dramatic interest acquires the greatest intensity, *there* his puerility is most evident; and, on the other hand, precisely at those places, where the urgency of the situation least demands, or, from the context, we least expect it, he sometimes has chosen to surprise us by striking, but transitory, displays of beauty or power. Thus, in the *finale* to the first act, we have a perfect tumult of jealousy and rage—*Orombello* and *Beatrice* are accused of treason and something worse, and the latter bandies taunt for taunt, and threat for threat, with her libertine lord; while the last *finale* is a still more tragical affair—*Beatrice* surrounded by her weeping attendants is in momentary expectation of a summons to the scaffold, and, by way of crisis, the conscience-stricken *Agnese* faints or dies—we know not which—and a troop of officials preceded by the grim headsman axe in hand, conduct the unfortunate Duchess to her fate; and yet, in both these instances, the composer winds up his scenes with melodies of the most *fashionable* elegance! As instances of unlooked-for beauties, we may quote a little duet between *Beatrice* and *Orombello*, immediately preceding the *finale* to the first act, which is charmingly Mozart-like in character; and a kind of solemn march in the trial-scene of the second act, which contains a point of grandeur worthy Beethoven himself. To proceed further with analysis of this opera were useless, or at least unnecessary. It contains no interest for the musician, save in the two instances we have excepted, and besides its utter sterility in an artistical point of view, possesses scarce any of those popular *tunes* which are generally found in the works of its composer. The performance was good, but not first-rate. As a singer, Persiani cannot be otherwise than exquisite, but as an actress she does not possess *weight* of person or deportment for the part of *Beatrice*. In her scenes with *Orombello* she was perfection, but in those with *Philip*, her manner more nearly resembled the petulance of an ill-behaved girl than the dignity of an insulted woman. Mdle. De Varny in the part of *Agnese*, and Ricciardi in that of *Orombello*, are entitled to praise, the latter especially for the even tastefulness of his performance, and the *Philip* of Coletti was, to our taste, the only irreproachable personation of the whole. His singing was, throughout, masterly; and his action, constantly energetic, was yet dignified and graceful in a high degree. The part is not so good as that in *Torquato Tasso*, and he therefore made a proportionably smaller impression on his audience—an effect which the rival attraction of Persiani could scarcely fail to increase.

QUARTETT CONCERTS, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—The fourth of these concerts took place on Thursday evening in last week. The performance commenced with a quintett in F minor, by Onslow, for two violins, viola, violoncello, and double bass, (Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, Lucas, and Howell), which rises slightly above the level of its composer's usual style. It is more melodious, more open in its contrivance, and altogether less fettered by unnecessary *learning* than the generality of his similar works; still it contains quite enough of dry, cross-grained stiffness, to remind us that Onslow, whatever his talent, is not a man of *genius*, but that, like other *laborious* composers, he has his moments when thought comes heavily, and ideas travel all too lazily; and when, if write he must, he makes up to his music with eccentricity what it lacks of natural grace. A trio by Woelfl, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, (Messrs. Benedict, Blagrove, and Lucas) proved, as regards the music, a failure. The minuet and trio were—as usual even in the weakest things of the kind—clever and effective; but the bulk of the rest was a mere accumulation of pianoforte *clatter*, which, however ingenious, will never compensate for the want of good subjects and musician-like treatment. The two quartetts—one in D major (from Op. 44) by Mendelssohn, and the other in F major (from Op. 53) by Beethoven—are superb compositions, and were admirably played by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, who, we believe, are entitled to the credit of having introduced them to the London public during their concerts of last season. Onslow's quintett and Woelfl's trio, also, were both charmingly played—fully better, indeed, than their intrinsic worth deserved. A Miss Susan Hobbs (from the Bath concerts) sang for the first time in London on this occasion, and, although evidently much alarmed, got through Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair" in a manner highly creditable to her good intentions. Mr. Bennett sang Beethoven's *Adelaide* (he was announced to sing "The mansion of peace"—bless his taste! say we), and his very graceful delivery, enhanced by the exquisite accompaniment of Mr. Benedict, formed the greatest vocal treat of the evening. The vocalities also included Mozart's "Non si più," sung by Miss Rainforth, and a very elegant *canone* by Curschman, sung by Misses Rainforth and Hobbs, and Mr. Bennett. The next concert is fixed for Monday, April 20.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The second performance, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, took place on Wednesday evening, the 25th ult., when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

Overture and March (occasional oratorio).....	Handel.
National Anthem—Lord of Heaven.....	Haydn.
Song (Mr. Phillips)—Angel of life.....	Dr. Callcott.
Benedictus (Miss Birch, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Phillips).....	Cherubini.
Song (Mrs. W. Knyvett)—What though I trace.....	Handel.
Credo in unum Deum, chorus and quartett.....	Beethoven.
Quartetto (Madame Caradori Allan, Messrs. Hawkins, Harrison, and Phillips)—O veto tremendo (Idomeneo) and Dead March.....	Mozart.
Duet (Messrs. Phillips and Machin)—Marvellous things.....	Dr. Boyce.
Aria (Madame Caradori Allan)—Vengo a voi.....	Guglielmi.
Chorus—The Lord shall reign; solo (Miss Birch)—Sing ye to the Lord; double chorus—The horse and his rider.....	Handel.

PART II.

Overture—Fidelio.....	Beethoven.
Glee (Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Birch, Messrs. Hawkins, Vaughan, and Machin)—Blow, gentle gales.....	Bishop.
Song (Mr. Harrison) and chorus—Sound an alarm.....	Handel.
Quartetto—Come! ohimè! partir degg'io (Nina).....	Paisiello.
Song (Miss Birch)—Let the bright seraphim; trumpet obligato, Mr. Harper.....	Handel.
Chorus—Father! we adore thee (Judah).....	Haydn.
Glee (Messrs. Phillips, Vaughan, Hawkins, Peck, and Machin)—Cold is Cadwallor's tongue.....	Horsley.
Song (Madame Caradori Allan)—Gratias agimus; clarinet obligato, Mr. Willman.....	Guglielmi.
Recit. (Mr. Harrison)—In splendour bright; and chorus—The heavens are telling (Creation).....	Haydn.

Her Majesty had announced her intention of being present, but did not make her appearance. H.R.H. Prince Albert came about ten o'clock, as did also Prince George of Cambridge. The Queen-Dowager, attended by Viscountess

Barrington, Miss Hudson, Miss Mitchell, and Earl Howe honoured the concert with her presence, and was received by the company in the most respectful manner. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Burghersh were in the royal box. The chorus from *Israel in Egypt*, in which Miss Birch took the difficult solo part, and Madame Caradori's songs were the most effective performances of the evening. The whole of the concert went off with great spirit. Mr. Cramer led the band and Mr. H. R. Bishop, Mus. Bac. conducted.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB had a capital meeting on Thursday evening. Moscheles played an extemporaneous fantasia on the pianoforte, which elicited the rapturous applause of the company, and Grattan Cooke on the oboe, and L. Schulz on the guitar, delighted every one by their admirable performances. Songs were sung by Mr. Harrison, of Covent Garden, Machin, Francis, and Blewitt, with very great success. Several fine glees were excellently performed by Bellamy, Hawes, Terrail, Francis, Moxley, H. Gear, E. Taylor, Parry, C. Purday, Machin, &c. Little Miss Vinning, from Falmouth, quite astonished the company by the manner in which she sang several exercises, embracing a variety of modulations and time, with a perfect intonation, and a sweetness of voice that were truly wonderful. She is only *three years and a half old*, of a very prepossessing appearance, and with an innate talent for music, that will, with proper care and cultivation, become in due time, something of a very superior order. She was accompanied on the pianoforte by her father. The Princess Augusta had expressed a wish to see the infant Sappho on Saturday, and there is no doubt of her being soon introduced to Buckingham Palace.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second concert of this Society took place on Monday, the 23rd ult., when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, No. 7.....	Beethoven.
Recit. and air (Madame Stockhausen)—Here amid these cool recesses (the Seasons).....	Haydn.
Concerto, pianoforte (Mrs. Anderson).....	Mendel. Bartholdy.
Terzetto (Madame Stockhausen, Madlle. Bildstein, and Mr. Phillips)—Dolce ne gual ristoro (Faustika).....	Cherubini.
Overture—Preciosa.....	C. M. Von Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia, G minor.....	Mozart.
Recit. and air (Mr. Phillips)—Is this the region (from an oratorio—the Fallen Angel).....	H. R. Bishop.
Introduction and Polonaise—violin (Mr. Hayward).....	Hayward.
Duetto (Madame Stockhausen and Madlle. Bildstein)—Deli con te (Norma).....	Bellini.
Overture—Les deux journées.....	Cherubini.

Beethoven's Symphony was well, and, in some parts, very finely, executed. No one, at all events, could complain that it lacked impetuosity or vigour, although a little additional quietude would have been supremely acceptable on more than one or two occasions. There was, now and then, rather too much tugging and rasping among the violins, and, ever and anon, just so much over-exertion in the wind, as to force us into a mental ejaculation of "Cease, rude Boreas," &c.;—the *Andante*, for instance, would have gained immeasurably by the transfer of a few of Costa's exquisite *pianos* from the orchestra of the Italian theatre to that of the Hanover-Square Rooms; still, on the whole, it may be accounted the best orchestral performance since the commencement of the season. Beethoven's music tries the *quality* of tone from a band more, perhaps, than that of any other writer, but we are still unable to decide as to the merits of the new arrangement in the Philharmonic orchestra: the basses appear to mix somewhat more completely with the mass of the band, but they are in the same degree shorn of their effect on points of especial prominence. The song from Haydn's *Seasons* was sung by Mad. Stockhausen with a thoroughly musician-like spirit, and, for the Philharmonic band, very nicely accompanied. Haydn never wrote more charmingly, more *naturally*, than in this beautiful work; and the few stray pearls from its pages, which occasionally find their way into concert-programmes, are but so many gentle remonstrances with that *laziness* of taste which has thus long permitted the whole to remain in profitless obscurity. It is passing strange that,

amid all the rummaging for novelty which is, now-a-days, incumbent on concert-givers, so apt an illustration of the truly *wholesome* in music, has not by some accident come to hand: its beauties are equally profound and popular; and if an experiment with its entire performance did not succeed, we should conclude public taste to be a much more impenetrable mystery than we ever yet dreamed of. Mendelssohn's superb concerto in G minor was very pains-takingly played by Mrs. Anderson, yet without developing—to our ears at least—the peculiar current of its author's thought. To say sooth, this, with the music of Mendelssohn, is at no time an easy task. His mind is thoroughly, intensely, German—saturated, at once, with the wisdom of Bach, and the sentimentality of Beethoven; and its outpourings are consequently among those hard things which need, first, a mind for their comprehension, and *afterwards*, muscular energy for their execution. The terzetto from the *Faniska* is not a very brilliant specimen of Cherubini's genius;—it may be accurately defined as *pleasant* music, but scarcely more; and Weber's sweet little overture to *Preciosa* told its story of gipsy encampments and merry dances, of course, as blithely as ever. The second part opened with a glimpse of a musical innermost heaven—if we may say as much, and eschew profanity the while. Mozart's enchanting, most *amorous* symphony in G *moll*, as the Germans have it, was indeed a luxury. It is said that genius was goaded by dire necessity to the production of this exquisite work in three days! If so, what days must those have been! How different to the “three glorious days” of Parisian notoriety! *Those* gave birth to a source of delight which must continue in co-existence with the very nature of human feeling; while *these* merely effected—no matter what:—We are lovers of music, not politicians; and give us but *such* music to weep or smile at, as needs must or humour inclines, and all the drums in Europe might beat “to arms” under our very nose, before we would budge an inch to aid the salvation of kingdoms. With a single phrase of this delicious composition ringing in his ears, can any one feel surprize that Constance Weber, or any woman—idolatrasses they are all of super-eminent power in any shape—should love Mozart as she did? We think not. The glorious musician, with all his punch-drinking and gambling propensities, still had the wherewithal to captivate the affections of every thing worth classing with humanity—except, perhaps, M. Jules Maurel and his crew of yelpers, who, like the idols of heathendom, “have ears and hear not; eyes have they, and see not;”—would that we could add, “neither speak they through their throat!” Mr. Bishop's song (from his exercise for his doctor's degree, we believe) is a sterling composition, artistically constructed and managed in every way, but scarcely so replete with fancy as might have been expected. It was very creditably sung by Mr. Phillips. The self-taught violinist, Mr. Hayward, who appeared for the first time at these concerts, is a veritable wonder in his way. Of all imaginable evolutions on four fiddle-strings, he is perfect master;—indeed we doubt whether mere mechanism can ever go far beyond his present amount of attainment. Still, astonishing as it is, there is something indefinitely *raw* about his performance—something which obtrudes itself on remark as the doing of an unlearned man; and, above all, he should avoid the performance of his own music until study has enabled him to produce something better than the *Polonaise* which he played at this concert. The dashing duet from *Norma* was very cleverly sung by Mad. Stockhausen and her niece, and the room was gradually emptied of its living contents during a fine performance of Cherubini's overture to *Les deux Journées*. Mr. Loder led, and Mr. Moscheles conducted.

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.—The following is the programme of the first concert of the series, which took place at the Opera Concert-room on Monday evening:—

PART I.

Symphony in C minor.....	Beethoven.
Duetto Mlle. de Varny and Sig. Colletti)—Colei Sofronia (Torquato Tasso).....	Donizetti.
Aria (Madame Persiani)—Batti, batti, violoncello obligato, Mr. Lindley (Il Don Giovanni).....	Mozart.
Solo, violin (Mr. Hayward)—Introduction and Polonaise.....	Hayward.
Cavatina (Sig. Colletti).....	Francesco Schira.
Scena (Mlle. de Varny)—Robert, toi que j'aime (Robert le Diable)	Meyerbeer.
Overture—Oberon.....	Weber.

PART II.

Overture—Des Francs-Juges (first time of performance).....	Berlioz.
Duetto (Madame Persiani and Signor Colletti).....	Pacini.
Aria (Mdlle. Parigiani)—Quando o core	
Fantasia, violin (Mr. Hayward)—Venetian barcarolle, and variations accompanied on the pianoforte, by Mr. Forbes.....	Hayward.
Aria (Madame Persiani)—Comé dolce all' alma mia.....	Rossini.
Overture—Zauberflöte	Mozart.

Mr. Tolbecque was the leader and Mr. Forbes the conductor. We were not present, in consequence of our tickets of admission not reaching us until Tuesday morning.

CHORAL HARMONISTS' SOCIETY.—The sixth meeting of this Society took place on Monday evening last at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street. The programme consisted of—

PART I

Oratorio—The Creation (1st and 2nd parts).....	Haydn.
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PART II.

Oratorio—The Creation (3rd part).....	Haydn.
Concert Stucke, pianoforte obligato.....	Weber.
Madrigal—When Thoralis delights to walk.....	Cooper, jun.
—The Waits—Fal, la, la.....	Saville.
Cantata—The calm of the sea.....	Beethoven.

The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Cole, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Novello. The whole of the performance, which we have not space to particularise, went off with great spirit. Mr. Dando was the leader, and Mr. Lucas conducted. The last concert takes place on Monday, the 4th of May.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and the Duke of Cambridge, honoured the amateurs by attending Exeter Hall, at the repetition of *Saul*, on last Friday evening. The performance was greatly superior both in finish and accuracy to that of the previous week; every one concerned seemed resolved on using his best efforts, and the experience of the first attempt evidently imparted fresh confidence and facility to all. In fact, except some clumsy manoeuvres on the part of the organist, every thing went as admirably as could be desired. The choruses were magnificently sung, and the solos, if not universally excellent, were at least universally respectable. We must again offer our tribute of praise to Miss Hawes :—a more beautifully sustained effort, of its class, than her's with the music of *David*, we never remember.

Haydn's *Creation* is announced for performance to-morrow evening.

THE MISSES FLOWER gave a concert at the Music Hall, Store Street, on the evening of Wednesday week, which was well attended. The programme, although a little too long, possessed several attractive features; we may mention a Notturmo of Blangini, nicely given by the *beneficiaires*, a trio, "Ti parli t'amore," sung by Mdlle. Bassano, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Stretton, both of which were encored; and the instrumental performances of Lazarus on the clarinet, and Ribas on the flute. The remaining vocalists were Miss Woodyatt, Miss Lanza, Giubelei, and Charles Purday, who sang several songs and concerted pieces with much ability. M. de Ciebra performed Variations on a Theme, on the guitar, and Mr. Dando a solo on the violin, and Madame Huerta a composition of Moscheles on the piano. Mr. Sixto Perez conducted.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

CHILTENHAM.—Mr. A. S. de Braunhelder, the gentleman who has recently delivered some lectures on the National Music of Europe, at the assembly-rooms here, gave a concert on Tuesday evening. Mr. de Braunhelder was formerly an officer in the Polish service; he was assisted by several of the resident professors—Miss Sullivan and Mr. Sapio in the vocal department, and Pio Chiancettini, Uglow, Evans, Davies, Cox, senior, Blossom, and Cox, junior, in the instrumental—all of whom gave their gratuitous ser-

pieces. The concert was interspersed with the most interesting portions of Mr. de Braunschelder's lectures.

CANTERBURY.—The concert given to the ladies of Canterbury by the members of the Catch Club, at the Guildhall Rooms, was most numerously attended, more than three hundred persons being present. The pieces, vocal and instrumental, were well performed, and the whole went off with considerable élat. The orchestra was under the able direction of Mr. Goodban.

READING.—The second of Mr. Venua's Classical Chamber Concerts was given at his residence here on Thursday, the 19th ult., and was in several respects an improvement on the first. Miss Woodyatt was the principal vocalist, she has improved since her appearance at these concerts a twelvemonth since, and her performance exhibited evident marks of sedulous application; she, however, appears to be one of the many musical students whom a want of nerve deprives of a portion of their powers when before the public. Her four songs were "Se Amore," by Pacini; "With verdure clad," Haydn; "To 'Idea," Donizetti; "Trip it on merrily," B. Taylor. The concerted vocal pieces consisted of Rossini's "Me manca la voce;" Mozart's "Sanctus and Benedictus;" L. Puget's "Ave Maria," and Bishop's "Sleep gentle lady." Of these it is no mean praise to say, that the sense of each author was well given by Miss Woodyatt, Miss Venua, Messrs. Dando, Venua, and Vines. The principal instrumental pieces were Beethoven's pianoforte quartet op. 16, and part of the lovely violin quartet in G, by the same author, which were given *con amore* by Miss Venua, Messrs. Venua, J. Banister, Dando, and H. J. Banister. From the above it will be seen that nearly the entire scheme of the concert consisted of music strictly classical, a gratifying proof of the progress of public taste in this country.

SALISBURY.—*Philharmonic Society*.—The fourth, and we are sorry to add, the concluding concert for the season of the Salisbury Philharmonic Society took place on Thursday evening last, when the elegant and crowded appearance of the Assembly Rooms bore ample testimony to the increasing interest excited by the splendid performances of an institution which has attained to a maturity, excellence, and popularity, at once so sudden and so amply merited, as to confer equal honour upon the public who have so liberally patronised it, and upon the members of the society, who have proved themselves worthy the support they have received in their generous and praiseworthy effort to revive among us a general taste for the higher order of instrumental and vocal music. We have just said that we regret the circumstance of Thursday's performance having been the last of the present season—a regret which is not lessened by the fact of that concert having been by far the best of the whole, the improvement which has taken place since the commencement of the series having been so great as to afford us ample reason to anticipate still richer treats even than those we have already enjoyed. The concert opened with Haydn's Symphony, No. 7, which is a most splendid composition, and was on all hands allowed to have been performed with scarcely a single fault. The overture to *Fra Diavolo*, a movement from Handel's *Lessons*, and the *Jubilee* overture, were the other instrumental pieces. *Fra Diavolo* and the difficult but effective *Jubilee* overture were played with extraordinary spirit and precision. The "Movement from the Lessons" was a perfect treat: it is of that class of music that never tires—when the last note falls upon the ear, the auditor regrets that the piece has so soon concluded, and longs to listen to the strains again. The band deserves great credit for their performance of this piece. Miss Cubitt did herself great credit by the way in which she sang the songs allotted to her, the first three of which were of the most difficult order. The young lady was most successful in the recitative and air from *Judas Maccabeus*, "O let eternal Honours" and "Lo, here the gentle lark," the latter with Aylward's flute obligato accompaniment. It might, perhaps, be an invidious task to determine whether it was the lady's singing or Aylward's flute that afforded most delight to the audience—certain it is, that Bishop's delightful song was vociferously applauded, and called for a second time. "Batti, batti" narrowly escaped a similar compliment. We wish it had been repeated, were it only on account of Phillip's delightful accompaniment on the violoncello. We regret that Miss Cubitt had not chosen for her concluding effort some better style of ballad than "The Harvest Home," which is a trumpery affair, and quite unworthy of a vocalist of her talent. She possesses a splendid voice and good judgment (the "Harvest Home," ballad excepted), and only requires a master-hand to cultivate them. It struck us that her shake is not what it might be, if properly attended to; she may be sure, however, that, with study and care, she will soon be enabled to take her station among the first of our English singers. Mr. W. Phillips charmed the audience by the performance of a solo on the violoncello. It was a truly chaste effort. The tone was beautifully round and clear, and his execution of some difficult passages was most correct and effective. Mr. W. Cramer led, and favoured the audience with a violin solo in his own masterly and exquisite

manner. This gentleman has displayed great judgment and ability in leading the concerts throughout the season—and we cannot but congratulate the Society on their good fortune in having secured the services of so justly eminent a musician. Masters Thynne and J. Richardson sang the exquisite duet, "O lovely peace," from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, remarkably well, nor can we suffer the pleasing old madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," sung by Masters Thynne and Richardson, and Messrs. Harding and Ingram, to pass without a just tribute of approbation. In conclusion, we congratulate the members of the society on their very great success, and it is our earnest wish that they may still continue united in their efforts for the attainment of a still greater proficiency—since they will thus not only feel the satisfaction inseparable from the consciousness of self-improvement, but enjoy the still higher gratification of being by these means enabled still further to gratify the public by their performances, and render them even more attractive than they are at present.

Salisbury Musical Society.—The fourth and concluding concert took place on Tuesday last.

BELFAST.—A series of operas are being produced at the theatre here under the direction of Mr. Balfe, who sustains the principal character in them. The other vocalists are Madame Balfe, Mr. G. Horncastle, and Mr. Franks. The *Maid of Artois* and *Scaramuccia* are amongst the operas already performed.

A *Miscellaneous Concert* was given on the opening of the New Music Hall on Thursday last. Mr. Murray and Mr. Rudersdorff were the leaders, and Mr. May the conductor. In the course of the evening Mr. May performed Himmell's Concerto in A minor on the piano, Mr. Pigott a solo on the violoncello, Mr. Murray a composition of Mayseder's on the violin, and Mr. Dyke a solo on the flute. The vocalists were Miss Hayes, Mr. Edmunds, and Mr. Sapio, who sang several songs and concerted pieces including Barnett's beautiful trio, "The Magic Wove Scarf," from his opera of the *Mountain Sylph*, "Here in cool grot," and Beethoven's *Adelaide*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. ALFRED SHAW has been exceedingly successful at Milan; her benefit at the Novara Theatre was a most crowded one, and her performance in *Semiramide* and *La Donna del Lago* was most rapturously applauded. Mrs. Shaw has accepted an engagement to sing at the Fenice (theatre), Venice, and it is not her intention to return to England until the spring of 1842.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—Madame Stockhausen, Miss Bildstein, Mrs. A. Toulmin, and Miss M. B. Hawes, have kindly consented to sing at the 102d festival of the Royal Society of Musicians on the 10th inst. Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Blagrove will also give their valuable services on the occasion, as well as a host of eminent vocalists. Her Majesty's private band, by the gracious permission of the Queen, will perform two splendid marches, which were composed expressly for the society by Haydn and Winter.

MOSCHELES has been appointed by Prince Albert pianist to his Royal Highness.

MR. BRYAN, the organist of St. Mary, Redcliff, Bristol, met with an accident at the Theatre of that city, on Wednesday week, which, we regret to say, proved fatal. He was pacing the stage after the rehearsal of an opera he had composed, and which was to have been produced on Tuesday last, when he fell through an open trap to the depth of ten feet, by which he sustained such internal injury that he only survived until the following day.

OLE BULL is amongst the recent musical arrivals in the metropolis. He is engaged to perform at the next Manchester Subscription Concert, to take place in the Concert Hall, on Monday evening next.

THALBERG, LISTZ, and DOHLER, the three great pianists, who divide the applause of all Europe, will meet in the French capital in the course of the present month. Listz is now at Prague, Dohler at Amsterdam, and Thalberg at Lille, where he is giving a concert in conjunction with de Beriot.

SPOHR has just finished a grand oratorio, entitled the "Fall of Babylon," upon which he has been engaged for about six years past, and which is to be executed for the first time at Cassel on the 16th of this month, by eight hundred musicians and amateurs.

EMILIA TOSI has arrived in England, and will probably make her appearance on Saturday next in *Norma*. She is of a high family in Italy. An enthusiastic love of the art alone induced her to appear on the stage. She is the *only* pupil of the great Pasta, with whom she is an especial favourite. She played *Norma* in the last year with great success at Venice. She now comes direct from Pesaro, where she has been creating a "*furor*."

ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—A most numerous assemblage of persons visited Mr. Gray's manufactory on Monday evening for the purpose of hearing the performance of Mr. Adams on a large organ built for the Rev. Mr. Pearson's church at Tonbridge Wells. The selection of music Mr. Adams played, it is unnecessary to give, as it was in every respect the same as announced in our advertising pages of last week; it was well calculated to display the power and effects of a first-rate instrument. The audience testified their approbation of Mr. Adams's performance frequently during the evening; of it, we will merely observe, that we never heard him play finer.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

To-morrow—Exeter-hall, 'the Creation'; Hanover-square Rooms, Mrs. Kellner's Soirée.
Saturday—The Opera.
Monday—Third Philharmonic Concert, Hanover square Rooms.
Tuesday—The Opera.
Wednesday—Third Ancient Concert, Hanover-square Rooms.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. X. is a very off-hand sort of person. He seems utterly incredulous as to the existence of dissimilar tastes, or that the 'lusus nature' of which he complains, may be supremely delightful to all whose ears are sensitive enough to distinguish a musical sound from the filing of a hand-saw. 'The wonder is' that any fellow whom nobody knows anything about—(from his signature we infer his connexion in some sort of way with Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co.)—should venture on such an unqualified expression of opinion in which he is opposed to the judgment of all those reputedly most conversant with the subject.

Our correspondent from the 'Amateur Soirée Dramatique Society' will see that the subject is again noticed in the present number of the 'Musical World.'

We are obliged to an 'Amateur and Subscriber' for his remarks on the first concert of the Societa Armonica; but, as we never treat our readers to criticism except from our own editors, must decline to make use of them.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Hensett, Works of, op. 1 to 10 Wessel & Co.
Labitzky.—Prague Waltzes, set 5, Stag-leap Ditto.
Waltzes, sets 1 to 4, Aurora, Paulinen, &c., as duets Ditto.
Herz, H.—Les Gentilleses, book 2 Ditto.
Bosio.—La Sentinelle perdue quadrilles Boosey.
Plachy.—Fantaisie on Beatrice di Tenda Ditto.
Marscham.—La Guirlande sime de valse and galops, nos. 2, 3, and 4 Ditto.
Hommage aux Dames valse arrangements à quatre mains Ditto.
Galoppes Modernes ditto
Steibelt.—Overture to Romeo and Juliet (accts. for violin and violoncello) Coventry.
Potter.—Works of Mozart, edited by, no. 26 Ditto.
Beaumont, W. S.—Classical Practice, edited by, no. 2 Ditto.
Sutton, W. W.—Beauties of Strauss, as duets, no. 2 Ditto.
Calcott, W. H.—Torquato Tasso, flute ad lib., book 1 Mills.
Dejazet.—Fantaisie sur le Diable de Boiteux Ditto.
Weber's Works, edited by Moscheles, no. 6, Grand Sonata, op. 24; no. 7, ditto, op. 39 Chappell.

HARP.

Chatterton, J. B.—Bridal Chimes, introducing God save the Queen and Rule Britannia Boosey.

GUITAR AND PIANOFORTE.

Newland.—Vivi tu, or Nel veder la sua constanza, op. 26 Chappell.

VOICE, PIANO, AND VIOLONCELLO.

Lachner.—Concert de Société, no. 8.—The sea has its pearls Wessel & Co.
Kreutzer.—Concerts de Société, no. 31—Birdlet lilt Ditto.

VOCAL.

White, C.—I'm merry, yet I'm sad T. Prowse.
Rosabel Ditto.
How dear to me my native vale Ditto.
I love thee, dear England Ditto.
Norton, Hon. Mrs.—Forget me not Chappell.
Cowell, Miss A.—The name Ditto.
Robini.—La notte: arietta Ditto.
Ashby, Hon. W.—The wild huntsman Mills.
Smith, Miss.—Nicc Ditto.
Este, M.—O, come again my love; madrigal Ditto.
Webbe.—Hail! Star of Brunswick; glee, with pianoforte acts by Horsley Ditto.
Horn, C. E.—The lonely isle; glee for three voices Z. T. Purday.
Attwood, T.—Up! quit thy bower; ditto Ditto.
Richards, W.—The mountain cot; ditto Ditto.
West, W.—The haaf fishers ditto Ditto.
The ocean king ditto Ditto.
Up! Rosalie ditto Ditto.
Phipps, O. G.—Esther's Prayer Coventry.
W. H. Recit. and air, the words taken from the book of Ruth Ditto.

GERMAN SONGS for FOUR VOICES with a Pianoforte Accompaniment: the English Poetry by T. OLIPHANT, Esq. — Welcome spear and shield; Rosy-mantled spring returneth; Let me not hear; Sing and drink; Through yon lattice window; The mist is rising (Jäger chorus from 'Euryanthe'). To be continued.

Cramer, Addison, & Beale, 201, Regent-street.

THE CHOREMUSICON, a newly-invented instrument for quadrille parties, combining the tones of the pianoforte, bassoon, violoncello, clarinet, flageolet, &c., and so constructed that each and all of these may be employed in a separate or combined form, producing the effect of a well-organised band, with the additional advantage of its being wholly at the command of one performer. — May be heard any day between the hours of two and four o'clock, at C. Olivier's Musical Instrument Repository, 41, New Bond-street; where Mr. L. Moss will be in attendance to exhibit its various capabilities.

PIANOFORTE S. — J. BRINSMEAD having made important improvements in the mechanism of CABINET and COTTAGE PIANOFORTES, combining elegance, durability, power, richness of tone, and pleasantness of touch, adapted for the most rapid execution. J. B. begs an inspection, which will prove that his instruments stand unrivalled, and will be warranted in every respect, and sold for less than two-thirds the price usually charged by makers. — No. 40, Windmill-street, Tottenham-court-road.

NEW MUSIC. — Classical Practices for Pianoforte Students, selected from the most celebrated composers, ancient and modern; intended as preparatory studies to the more abstruse and difficult compositions belonging to the present school of pianoforte-playing. Edited by W. S. Bennett.

No. 1.—Clementi's Sonata, op. 40..... 5 0
No. 2.—Dusse's 2d ditto, op. 35, dedicated to Cramer..... 5 0

(To be continued.)

MOZART.—Chefs d'Œuvres, a new and correct edition of the pianoforte works, with and without acct., of this celebrated composer; edited by Cip. Potter. Nos. 1 to 30

(Four of these are now first published from Mozart's original MSS.)

Coventry & Holler, 71, Dean-street, Soho.

NEW SONG by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.—Doth slumber veil thine eyes of light? This exquisite song by Lady Blessington has been admirably set to music by James Hine, Esq., and, from its intrinsic merits, bids fair to become the most popular composition of the day.

London: Jefferys & Co., 31, Frith-street, Soho.

Where may be had, the new ballad by Nelson—Oh! forget me; sung at all the principal concerts.

TECCHLER VIOLONCELLO.—

To Amateurs, &c. To be sold, the property of a gentleman leaving off playing, a very fine-toned genuine instrument made by Tecchler, Rome, 1703. Lowest price (including first-rate case and silver-mounted Dodd bow) 65 guineas. To be seen at Weasel and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 57, Frith-street, corner of Soho-square.

DOHLER, LISTZ, and THALBERG.—Messrs. CRAMER and Co. have recently published several NEW WORKS by the

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TO MESSRS. ROWLAND AND SON, 20, Hatton Garden, London.

SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you a few lines. Some years since a very intimate friend of mine had a very serious fit of illness, and when she began to recover, her Hair, which was beautiful, came off, leaving large patches all over the head. After trying various things as restorers, without any benefit, your Oil was recommended, and she persevered in rubbing it in daily, using two bottles in four weeks, at the end of which time her hair came again: and in a short time became more thick and beautiful than before, and lost its only fault, a certain degree of harshness. She continued to use the Macassar Oil moderately up to the time I last saw her, and though most of her family were very grey, she had not one grey hair, which she entirely attributed to the constant use of the Oil. This lady recommended it to me. In consequence of head-aches and severe trials of mind, my hair began to turn grey; I persevered in the use of the oil, and am happy to say it has quite redeemed my hair.

You are at liberty to publish this letter if you please, with my initials only, and any one may have my name and address by going to your house.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
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London: Printed by JOHN LEIGHTON, at his Printing-office, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, April 2nd, 1840.